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MUSICAL FARCE-TRAGEDY

INJURED INNOCENTS

In Three Acts.

Founded on the old English Ballad of "Babes in the Woods."

BY

R. A. BARNET.

From "English as She is Taught."
"Plagiarist—a writer of plays."

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For rights to perform, and for copies of acting edition of the play and
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E. B. STILLINGS & CO., PUBLISHERS,

BOSTON:

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Ms 579.2

Ms 579.317

William S. Appleton Jr.

THE EXCUSE.

I have been requested to write an argument for this play. After my late experience in argument with J-m-s G. Bl-i-e, I naturally shrink from an argument unless I can have the last word; but, after a careful reading, I cannot see where there can be any argument about this affair. There may be an excuse, but surely there can be no argument.

The plot is without the slightest shadow of consistency; the story is without any idea of moral teaching and the whole tone of its diction is on a lower stratum than I am accustomed to, and worthy only of the *London Times* or such periodicals. I was informed that there are some good jokes in the lines, but after a very attentive comparison with a standard of a joke as furnished me by the *London Punch*, I fail to detect the slightest evidence of any humour.*

As the piece is written, I understand, by some one in some way connected with the Independent Corps of Cadets, of Boston, and is to be performed under their auspices and for their benefit, it may be that the object is to show what terrible execution they are all capable of, and to increase the Boston public's opinion of their value as engines of destruction. If these are the facts there is some excuse for its production. I am deeply interested to know how the audience is affected, and have requested Sir J-li-n Pa-uo-f-te to cable me the result.

WM. E. GL-DST-NE.

*(The following cable was received since the above article was written. — Ed.)

— B-RN-T, BOSTON: — Just returned from Barnum's show, can now appreciate your book. Your jokes are American jokes, several given by the clowns. Ha! ha! They are very droll. Her Majesty sends regards and would like a copy of the book. Gl-dst-ne. Collect \$4.02.

TIME: *unimportant.* PLACE: *England.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Courtyard of McAllister Hall, McAllister.

SCENE II. Anteroom of McAllister Hall. (Designed by Poker).

SCENE III. Schoolroom and nursery of McAllister Hall.

ACT II.

SCENE. A mountain pass. (You will only see a mountain pass — not a panorama,) in the suburbs of McAllister.

ACT III.

SCENE. Market place in McAllister village, McAllistershire.

ORIGINAL CAST.

Boston Theatre, April 11th and 12th, 1890.

SIR RAWDON SLOLMONDLEY MCALLISTER S. H. Hooper.

LADY RAWDON SLOLMONDLEY MCALLISTER J. G. White.

In temporary possession of MCALLISTER HALL and, like many of the nobility, "hard up!" As they have no marriageable son, the United States offers no attractions to them and they are obliged to resort to — but we anticipate.

CEDRIC MCALLISTER R. D. Sears.

MARGUERITE MCALLISTER H. K. Swinscoe.

Two sweet, innocent little children, without guile and, if their uncle and aunt had their way, would be without — but we will not destroy your anticipation of the *denouement*!

SIR BENVOLIO CASEY Walter Jackson.

SIR BERTRAM O'SHAUGHNESSY H. A. Edgerly.

The presence of these courtiers at MCALLISTER HALL would clearly demonstrate that Sir Rawdon was a "Home Ruler," if it was not that — but we will not betray any confidences.

DOCTOR REGINALD EMPIRICO G. W. Langdon.

HARRIET SALTONSTALL MURPHY of Boston L. C. Benton.

Who weave the sheeny thread of budding love in our little romance. We say "sheeny" in its poetic sense only.

HENRY RUFYAN R. A. Barnet.

GEORGE TUFF T. E. Stutson.

Two professional gentlemen swindlers. You must not confound them with summer hotel proprietors, or regular managers of church fairs.

MIKE FEE, a retainer

Who plays a modest but worthy part.

Courtiers, Lords, Ladies, Vassals, Lads, Lassies, Timid Village Maids and Wild Animals by the full strength of the company.

INJURED INNOCENTS.

PROLOGUE.

A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Who did in honor far surmount
Most men of his estate.

Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possesse one grave.

No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde;
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three years olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And fram'd in beautye's molde.

The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane
Five hundred pounds in gold,
To be paid down on marriage day,
Which might not be controlled.

But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

The parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them straite unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.

He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargained with two ruffians strong,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take these children young,
And slaye them in a wood.

The children prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on their waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives' decaye :

So that the pretty speech they had
Made Murder's heart relent ;
And they that undertooke the deed,
Full sore did now repent.

For two long miles they ledd them on,
While they for food complaine :
"Staye here," quoth they, "we'll bring you bread,
When we come back againe."

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe,
But never more could see the men
Approaching from the towne.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death did end their grief ;
In one another's armes they died,
As wanting due relief.

No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till Robin redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Courtyard of McAllister Hall.*

CHORUS.

THE TOAST — *Eversman.*

Come, let us fill our bumpers;
Come, join us in this toast:
Long life, good health and fortune
Attend our worthy host.
His life be one of pleasure,
May joy attend his ways;
Prosperity in full measure,
May Fortune crown his days.

(*Enter SIR BENVOLIO.*)

SIR BENV. How now, boys, ready for the chase? — Good morrow, Sir Bertram.

SIR BERT. Rather bid me good day, Sir Knight.

SIR BENV. Forsooth then! I bid thee good day.

SIR BERT. By the rolling orb! I've thought of a joke! Would you like to hear it in all its primeval freshness?

CHORUS. Yes, Sir Bertram, in all its freshness.

SIR BERT. A wit, a man of jests, in passing through the marts of trade, stopped for a glance at an auctioneer's—the auctioneer seeing the fellow, quoth, "Friend, I thank thee for a bid." Then saith our jester, "I bid thee good day!"

CHORUS.

"AULD LANG SYNE."

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne ?

SIR BENV. Oh, you naughty Knight! Oh, you bad Knight!! Oh, WHAT a Knight!!!—But come, let us prepare for the chase—

SIR BERT. (*disgusted*). Go chase yourself! I care not for the chase.

SIR BENV. Nay! Nay! My bully boy, not so. Think how our doughty ancestors did drive the wild beast to his lair. Shall we not “go to,” as says our Willie Shakspeare?

SIR BERT. Why certainly go to—any place you please. But stay! here comes Sir Rawdon and his noble hound.

(*Enter SIR RAWDON and a dog.*)

SIR RAW. Very true; I am coming, and so is the dog. Behold the leader of our pack, our “right bow-wower.” Look at him!

ALL. We *are* looking, Sir Rawdon.

SIR BENV. How do you call that dog?

SIR RAW. I don’t call him, I pull the string.

SIR BENV. Let us to the chase! Where is the fox?

SIR RAW. What! the fox not here? I’ll bet you, she’s got him! (*Looks anxiously about.*) You know “she”!—Lady McAlister—my wife! She has a great deal of character.

SIR BENV. Has what?

SIR RAW. A great deal of character.

SIR BERT. How does it affect her?

SIR RAW. It doesn’t affect her at all—it affects me!

Couplet—SIR RAWDON.

Barnet.

“I ALONE CAN TELL.”

Pfueger.

When I yielded single bliss,
Gave my worldly goods away,
Who avowed—and with a kiss—
To “love, cherish and obey?”
Who *remarked*, her “will was chained”
On that day “in Love’s sweet thrall?”
Who has since triumphant reigned
In this old baronial hall?
“I alone can tell.”

Why do I, an English knight,
Born to rule o’er land and sea,
Sometimes go with fear and fright
To my home and family?

Why have I to retrospect
 To recall *her* smiling face?
 Why am I so circumspect,
 Rarely seen at club or race?
"I alone can tell."

(Enter RETAINER with a box.)

SIR RAW. What, ho! Retainer! Is the fox within?

RETAINER. He is, my lord!

SIR RAW. Bravo! On to the hunt! No time have we to lose.
 To the saddle! Sound the horns! I will let the fox out. *(Horns.)*

SIR BERT. This really makes us seem quite English, you know.

SIR BENY. Seem quite English! Blast it, man, we are English!

SIR BERT. Why, fawncy! I forgot! We are English!!

SIR RAW. Away! Away!

CHORUS.

"THE JOY OF THE HUNTER" — *Der Freischutz*.

The joy of the hunter on earth all surpasses,
 The fountain of Pleasure for him doth abound;
 Through wood and through dale, where the stag leaps and passes,
 He flies in pursuit, while the horns gayly sound.

Oh, this is a pleasure that princes might envy,
 For health and for manhood the chief of delights;
 'Mid echoes replying when daylight is dying,
 To feast and the wine-cup our labor invites.
 Yo, ho! Yo, ho!

SIR RAW. Come back, my friends; not so fast. The fox hasn't started yet! *(To RETAINER.)* Where's your wild beast? Is he *within*?

RETAINER *(looking in the box)*. He is, my lord! Fast asleep!

SIR RAW. Pull him out!

SIR BERT. How can you chase the wild beast to his lair, Sir Rawdon, when he is tame?

SIR BENY. And hasn't any lair?

SIR RAW. Base minions! what next?

LADY MCA. Sir Rawdon! Sir Rawdon!

(Enter LADY MCA.)

LADY MCA. For twenty-seven years I have been Vice-President of the McAllister Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary to the British Board of the International Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Beasts, and I have never seen so cruel a sight as this.

SIR RAW. I would I were a damn beast — I would say, dumb beast.

Barnet.

WALTZ A LA RECITATIVA.

Pfueger.

When on the street one day,
While on a shopping trip,
I heard a donkey bray
Complaining of the "Grippe."
Four men were in the cart,
Who hard that donkey licked,
But donkey would not start,
In fact the donkey "*kicked*."

Oh my! Oh my!

What would the Society say?

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

LADY MCA. In my official capacity, Tompkins, I request you to remove these astonished and disappointed hounds. As for you, gentlemen, join the Myopia Club and hunt the rabbits of Beverly; as Cadet sharpshooters hit the insentient bull's-eye, or as one of the "Four Hundred" chase the flying hours; but never, never, for mere purposes of pleasure so disappoint your *dogs* again. Sir Rawdon, I wish to speak to you. Gents, stand not upon the order of your going, but *allez!* —

(*Exeunt omnes, except SIR RAWDON and LADY McALLISTER.*)

LADY MCA. Sir Rawdon, why so distant? Love, sit down!

SIR RAW. I am really very comfortable, thank you —

LADY MCA. Love, *sit DOWN!* (SIR RAWDON *sits*.) We will now discuss family and financial matters.

SIR RAW. Oh no! Let's talk about Nikisch and the symphony concerts.

LADY MCA. (*ignoring SIR RAWDON's remark*). The morning mail brought seven hundred and thirteen letters for you. Have you read them?

SIR RAW. No, I did not feel letterary this morning —

LADY McA. They were *all duns, seven hundred and thirteen. (Mysteriously.)* Listen! Your brother was drowned at sea —

SIR RAW. I suppose so; he fell overboard nine hundred miles from land and couldn't swim —

LADY McA. (*crushingly*). Your brother was drowned at sea, hypothetically drowned, and as sole inheritors of this vast estate he left behind two puny, fair-haired babes; so frail were they it seemed as if kind Nature must take them to herself, but she didn't. They grew up uncommonly healthy. Now Cedric is twelve, and Marguerite's tender years are ten, dear.

SIR RAW. That's good! As a *bon-mot*, that's good! It is certainly a legal tender.

LADY McA. (*majestically*). If allowed to continue — I would say that they will in a few years own the whole chebang. Something must be done. The hour has come for action.

SIR RAW. We might expose them to something — whooping cough, or criticism, or nervous prostration.

LADY McA. No! they must be murdered!!

SIR RAW. Do you really think so?

LADY McA. They must be foully dealt with!! (*Knocking.*) What means that summons?

SIR RAW. Perhaps it means that some 'un's at the gate.

LADY McA. (*to servant*). Show the gentlemen in. (*To SIR RAW.*) Canst screw thy courage to the sticking place? —

SIR RAW. Anything that is agreeable to you, birdling.

LADY McA. 'Tis well. Here are the agents for the deed. Confer with them. (*Exit LADY McA.*)

(*Enter two ruffians.*)

Duet—TWO RUFFIANS.

Barnet.

"EPISODES OF CHILDISH WOE."

Smith.

We are two scamps with two soft hearts,

(Excuse me while I shed a tear)

We feel so mean when playing bad parts,

(Excuse me while I shed a tear).

To break a bank; hold up a train;

To burglarize gives us such pain;

But grief, and woe, and sorrow run wild,
When we do any harm to any small child,
Small child! Small child!
Episodes of childish woe
Vivify our apathy.
Unsuppressed our tearlets flow,
We have so much sympathy.

SIR RAW. Lady Rawdon Slolmondley McAllister, the massive lady who just made her exit first entrance right, said you were some sort of agents; she didn't say what kind. You might be lightning rod, insurance, or railroad freight by your appearance, but—

1ST RUF. Quite true. I am an agent.

2D RUF. And I also am a gent.

SIR RAW. Oh!

1ST RUF. We alleviate misery. That's our business!—general agents for alleviation of misery. Have a card.

SIR RAW. (*reads*). "Rufyan & Tuff, General Agents for Alleviation of Misery, 13 Battery Lane. Quick Despatch. Cut Rates. Call us up on the telephone." Hum—ah—how—how's business?

2D RUF. Shooting ahead, but considerably cut up—

1ST RUF. With a good deal of "knocking down."

2D RUF. Here's our tariff—its list. There is a trade discount of seventy-five and three tens if we are assured of your regular custom.

SIR RAW. (*reads*). "Assisting at a bank opening, £150; passing contribution box with a bell punch, £300—without the bell punch we take our chances; advice in family matters, according to circumstances." I think I will take some of that last; (*aside*) a man can't be dunned for circumstances. Have you had any experience with children?

2D RUF. Do we look like nursery maids?

SIR RAW. Oh, no, no, not exactly. I—I will elucidate. My brother was drowned at sea, hypothetically drowned.

2D RUF. Was it fatal?

SIR RAW. Apparently; he never came back. His babes survive him.

1ST RUF. Great heavens! then they live —

SIR RAW. That's just the trouble. They keep right on living. Now, what would you ask to — to — I hate to say it. I can't bear to think of it! What would you ask to — to — present them to an orphan asylum?

2D RUF. (*faintly*). Don't mention it! Don't mention it! I couldn't — I am too tender-hearted. I think I know a man who could —

1ST RUF. (*pleased*). George, you insinuating rascal! Oh, it's a great work to alleviate misery! Perhaps you would like to read some of our testimonials. (*Hands newspaper to SIR RAW.*)

SIR RAW. (*reads*). "The Shah of Persia is a great dancer" —

1ST. RUF. That's a catch *head*.

SIR RAW. (*continues reading*). "Apropos of dancing, the Rev. R. E. Morse, of Spokane Falls, Washington Territory, writes: 'For fourteen years I was an inveterate dancer. Despite the remonstrance of solicitous friends and the restless inquietude of my own conscience, I continued to increase in proficiency. My specialty was the St. Vitus. After seven years I was troubled with pain in the back, loss of appetite and en-nu-i.'"

1ST. RUF. *Angwe* — French.

SIR RAW. "On taking one dose of Rufyan & Tuff's Panacea for Pain, I never again felt any discomfort to speak of."

1ST RUF. That is all true. We believe in being accurate even in advertisements. You notice it says "to speak of" at the end — "never felt any discomfort to speak of."

2D RUF. Brother Morse happened to die just then of *ennui*. After that he didn't say anything to speak of.

SIR RAW. Did he feel any discomfort which he didn't speak of?

1ST RUF. He was a clergyman — of the Andover School — we can't tell.

SIR RAW. You said he died of *ennui*?

2D RUF. Yes — in a mild form.

SIR RAW. How — how much would you ask to expose the children to *ennui*?

2D RUF. Excuse me, please, while I brush away a tear. I am too guileless—I think I know a man who—

1ST RUF. George, forbear! You are too flattering. Sir Rawdon, for the mere technique of such an undertaking it is easy to name a price, but it is another matter to set a value upon tugs at our heart-strings, occasioned by dealing with innocent little children.

2D RUF. "How dear to our hearts are the scenes of our childhood, when such fond recollection presents them to view!"

1ST RUF. How hard it is to convert into pounds, shillings and pence a tug at your heart-strings!—also to know how many tugs to charge. Ah, the power of a sweet child!

2D RUF. "A simple child, that lightly draws its breath and feels its life in every limb; what should it know of death!"

1ST RUF. Also, "Hark to the hurried question of Despair, 'Where is my child?' An echo answers, 'Where?'" How does two hundred guineas strike you, including an echo?

SIR RAW. Is it *cash*, or will you trust?

1ST RUF. The latter condition is impossible, as both Mr. Tuff and myself are in the fullest sympathy with the popular prejudice against "Trusts."

2D RUF. (*garrotes SIR RAWDON and pulls him to the ground*). Avaunt, there! Bloated representative of a depleted aristocracy of Four Hundred!! Grovel in the dust!—grovel!—dust!—grovel!

SIR RAW. Help! help!! help!!!

LADY MCA. (*rushes in*). Oh, my dear husband! oh, what would I *not* give for his ransom! Take all!—*take the children*, but give me back Sir Rawdon!

1ST RUF. Good lady, be not solicitous. This gentleman, my colleague—I might style him my dear friend—a worthy man—but, I beg pardon, you haven't met. Lady McAllister, allow me to present Mr. George Tuff.

SIR RAW. What did you knock me down for?

2D RUF. Don't mention it—just a little advertising. That kind of alleviating is four pound ten—

LADY McA. We are good friends, then, and I hope agreed upon all preliminaries.

2D RUF. We seem to be entirely harmonious.

LADY McA. Then this evening, ere the sun shall set, gentle Cedric and brave Marguerite shall be yielded to your care.

2D RUF. Trust them to us; they will feel no discomfort after that.

1ST RUF. Well, nothing to speak of—

TOPICAL SONG. Lady McA., Sir Rawdon, two Ruffians.

Barnet. "BUT NOTHING TO SPEAK OF." *Pflueger.*

P'r'aps you *think* we are bad. Well, we are a crumb sly,

"But nothing to speak of."

We may appear "tough" and wink our *left* eye,

"But nothing to speak of."

We have our bad moments—in fact, so have you—

But we're often *real* good and simple and true,

And when we backslide we are apt to feel blue,

"But nothing to speak of."

Dinner speaking I think is a horrible bore,

"With nothing to speak of."

When called up you stare at the ceiling and floor,

"And nothing to speak of."

Your face turns so red, then comes that long pause,

When thoughts are quite scarce—still its charming, because,

When you've finished your speech then comes the applause,

"Yet nothing to speak of."

End of Scene I.

SCENE II. — *Anteroom of McALLISTER HALL. Enter GOVERNESS.*

Gov. Excuse me—dear Browning is so absorbing. I know I look like a mere butterfly, but I am not. I am esoteric—that's my charm. True, I have a hard time; what with teaching those dull children and keeping my place in theosophy I'm busy. If it

wasn't for the Doctor and Browning I should pine away; I should grow thin. There he comes now, dear man — not Browning, but the Doctor. I will be coy.

(*Enter DOCTOR.*)

DOCTOR. At last I have found her.

Gov. I know such a nice quotation, I always have it at my tongue's end — or else in my note-book.

DOCTOR (*admiringly*). In all her tutored loveliness.

Gov. Or else in the original.

DOCTOR. In all her cultured sweetness.

Gov. I can't find it — it must be in the other volume. Why, Doctor, are you there? Good morning.

DOCTOR (*aside*). Harriet doesn't handsome up much, but how she can talk. (*Tenderly*). Methinks you look sad to-day.

Gov. Methinks I do. If it wasn't for one thing the bloom would fade entirely from my damaged — damask cheek.

DOCTOR (*rapturously*). What is that?

Gov. Boston.

DOCTOR (*dejectedly*). Oh!

Gov. I have not been *home* for many years, but I like to feel that Boston is not so far away. The air blows right over the ocean from Boston, you know. Isn't it beautiful to think some of the air around us may be from dear Boston? (*Wipes her glasses.*)

DOCTOR. Harriet, I have long adored thee from afar.

Gov. (*aside*). So soulful! Doctor, why don't you try it nearer to?

DOCTOR (*rapturously*). I will! (*Putting his arm about her waist*). Wilt be mine?

Gov. (*very archly*). Reginald, I can't wilt — the air is too embracing.

DOCTOR. Harriet, do not treat this matter lightly; pause before you give me your final answer. The last census gave 69,362 more women than men in Massachusetts — a gain of 9,000 from 1889 —

Gov. Reginald, I am thine!

(SONG—*Selected.*)

End of Scene II.

SCENE III. — *School-room* — McALLISTER HALL.

(*Enter MARGUERITE and CEDRIC.*)

(SONG—*Selected.*)

MARG. Good! That old, disagreeable governess isn't here yet.

(*Sits down eating an apple.*)

CED. She makes me feel indisposed!!!

MARG. Do you suppose, Cedric, that all Boston people are like her? —

CED. So I've heard. They are all brainy, and wear spectacles.

MARG. How dreadful! Can't they do something for it? —

CED. They don't want to — they like that sort of thing — and they do say that you can't vote in Boston unless you can recite a Greek ode and know at least three of Beethoven's symphonies.

MARG. Fancy! Who is Beethoven — is he a Bostonian?

CED. Naw! Marguerite, you don't know nothing. Give me a bite?

MARG. No, I won't — you can have the core when I get through.

CED. I don't want it — I've got something better. (*Takes out a cigarette and lights it.*)

MARG. Why, Cedric McAllister! smoking a cigarette! You horrid boy — what would uncle and aunt say?

CED. I don't care a —

MARG. Such language! Cedric McAllister! If you don't stop smoking I'll tell Aunt McAllister.

CED. You will, will you? Now, you've got to smoke one yourself.

MARG. If you dare to — Cedric, I'll never speak to you as long as I live.

CED. Here, take it in your mouth. Now puff! puff!! or I'll choke you!

MARG. Oh! Oh!

CED. Now will you tell Aunt McAllister? How do you feel now? You girls can't stand anything.

(Enter GOVERNESS and DOCTOR.)

GOV. Marguerite, what on earth is the matter with you?

MARG. *(sobbing)*. Cedric — Cedric — made me — smoke — a cigarette —

GOV. Infamous! Why didn't you come to me?

MARG. I didn't know you smoked, ma'am.

GOV. Impudence! Now take your seats. We will now begin our morning lessons. Marguerite, what kind of a noun is "kiss"?

MARG. It is both proper and common.

GOV. Oh, you horrid thing! Again: If Cedric had been born a pagan, what would he have been called?

MARG. A heathen.

CED. If Marguerite had been born a pagan, would they have called her a she then?

GOV. Cedric, if you and five other children were at a table and there were nine apples on the table, and, beginning with you, each child took an apple, how many would be left?

CED. I had first show?

GOV. Yes.

CED. Five!

GOV. What? Five? Nine apples in the first place, six children, each take one, and you say five apples left?

CED. Oh, no! Five *children* left. I should scoop the whole orchard.

GOV. Marguerite, if a man is born in Poland what is he called?

MARG. A Pole.

GOV. Cedric, if a man is born in Ireland what is he called?

CED. A Pole-iceman.

GOV. You stupid boy, I'll punish you for that answer—it's the only way to make you smart.

CED. You will, will you? Then we'll have a Brazilian revolution—a change of government! Take that! (*Throws book.*) And that! (*Throws another.*)

MARG. I'll join—and that! (*Throws a book.*)

(*Sounds of horns without. Enter SIR RAW. and LADY MCA. followed by full chorus and principals.*)

SIR RAW. My love, our friends are now returned from the chase. I pray you let us proceed no further in this business—

LADY MCA. Proceed no further! Madman! Seest thou not the wheel of fortune pausing at our stakes? Shall we tamely yield them?

SIR RAW. Oh, no! I wouldn't give up our stakes.

LADY MCA. Ah! now thou seem'st thyself—art not afear'd to be the same in thine own act and valor that thou art in desire. Thou hast well said—

SIR RAW. Miss Harriet, what perfect control you have over the children. Do you teach the Quincy method?

GOV. No (*dodging a book*); this is the South Boston system—

SIR RAW. Oh!

LADY MCA. Marguerite! Cedric! We have decided to send you away on an excursion.

SIR RAW. Yes, on a Raymond Excursion.

MARG. How lovely! And auntie, will you have a little book, and know just where we are and what we are doing every minute we are gone?

SIR RAW. Yes; we'll know just where you are! At 12.46 tomorrow you'll be (*aside*) cavorting in the *consomme*—

CED. Will the excursion be extensive and all details personally conducted?

LADY MCA. Yes, my dears; and here are two of Raymond's most trusted agents who came to take care of you especially.

SIR BENV. (*to SIR BERT., DOCTOR and Gov.*). Like you the savor of the business? Methinks some danger overhangs the innocents, whereof yon sleek villains hold the drop.

SIR BERT. Methinks so, too.

SIR BENV. Shall we to the fore? Shall we be conspicuous in this matter?

Gov. Gentlemen, we can do nothing — it would not be in good form.

DOCTOR. True, "it would not be in good form."

ALL. "True, it would not be in good form."

LADY MCA. Farewell, dear children! I know how you struggle to conceal your emotion. Let us not prolong the parting. — Haste to your holiday with these estimable gentlemen —

BOTH RUFFS. Haste thee — dear, children. Bid our friends adieu.

LADY MCA. Farewell!! Farewell!!

ALL. Farewell! Fare thee well! and if forever, still forever fare thee well!

SIR RAW. Shake a "by-by."

FINALE.

Barnet.

Pfueger.

CHORUS.

'Tis time to say good-bye, for now you must be gone!
 Your train is soon to start,
 The bell has rung ding-dong,
 You'd better now depart,
 You must not tarry long;
 So bid us all good-bye,
 And get an early start;
 Don't leave with downcast eye,
 But go with lightsome heart.

RUFFIANS.

Come, little babelets, come away,
The sun is shining fair and bright,
And you shall take a holiday
Chuck full of Sweetness and of Light.

CHORUS.

Bon voyage! Bon voyage!

End of Act I.

ACT II.

SCENE. — *A Mountain-pass. (Enter CHILDREN and RUFFIANS.)*

2D RUF. Ah, Henry! It is at such times as these that our early training in the dramatic profession proves so valuable.

1ST RUF. Even so. We have walked twenty miles and are just as fresh as ever.

2D RUF. Yes, Harry, just as "fresh." But it is telling on the kids. However, that is better than the kids telling on us.

1ST RUF. George, I feel some compunction about those kids.

2D RUF. What?

1ST RUF. My conscience troubles me.

2D RUF. Ho, ho! He, he!

1ST RUF. George, you may leer at me with your leers and jeer at me with your jeers, but I don't feel right about it. I made it a principle in early manhood never to deceive children; and here although we have promised these little innocents a steam-car ride, we have made them walk twenty miles, and I have not told them yet that we intend to kill them. George, is it just or courteous?

2D RUF. Well, Henry, what do we gain by telling them? They think they are on an excursion. They are enjoying themselves. They fear nothing because they know nothing. Why isn't it better to keep them in ignorance?

1ST RUF. Yes, George, but this principle manufactured in early manhood constitutes my entire stock of principles, and I should *so* like to hang on to it.

2D RUF. But, Henry —

1ST RUF. George, you hesitate! You have never loved me.

2D RUF. Henry, I can refuse you nothing. Tell them.

1ST RUF. Come hither, little children. (*Children move a few steps.*)

2D RUF. Come hither a few more "hiths," little children.

1ST RUF. Little children, we should have told you before we started that at some convenient, secluded point we are going to kill you.

2D RUF. We cannot tell exactly when or where, little children, as we wish to select a time and place that will not be auspicious for detection.

1ST RUF. We ought to have told you this before. You will please excuse the omission, little children; it will not occur again. Now I feel better.

CED. O Marguerite! what shall we do?

MARG. About the only thing that occurs to me is to give away our playthings and kind'er get ready.

CED. Perhaps if we indulge in some of our innocent prattle it may soften their hard hearts.

MARG. What shall we prattle about?

CED. Oh! anything.

MARG. (*to 1ST RUF.*). Were you ever a little boy?

1ST RUF. No; we were both little girls.

CED. Prattling don't work. Let us try flattery.

MARG. How?

CED. I think I overheard them say they had been actors. Tell them they look like actors — real actors. Nobody can withstand that compliment.

MARG. (*to RUF.*). Can you act?

1ST RUF. What do you think we are doing this evening?

MARG. I mean, are you real actors?

2D RUF. Why? Have you noticed anything in my manner that leads you to suspect such a thing?

CED. Oh, no! not the slightest; but we thought you sort of looked like actors.

1ST RUF. Little children, we confess we have trod the boards.

MARG. And did you ever take a part?

2D RUF. Not when we could get the whole.

MARG. Couldn't you honor Cedric and myself with a few choice selections from your brilliant repertoire.

2D RUF. (*pleased*). Not a bad idea! These are rather nice children.

1ST RUF. Show excellent home training. Cedric, lend me a nickel?

CED. What for?

1ST RUF. Yonder trunk, which contains our extensive wardrobe, is secured by drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot combination lock. I desire to open it in order to give you a full dress performance.

CED. Now, Marguerite, laugh at all their old jokes and applaud everything.

MARG. Oh! I know. This isn't the first time I've been a dead-head.

CED. When an opportune moment comes we'll skip.

1ST RUF. Now, my dear young friends, we will give you some remembrances of those days when we were "unthinking, idle, wild and young."

2D RUF. And when "we laughed and danced and talked and sung."

(*Songs and specialties by the RUFFIANS during which CEDRIC and MARGUERITE exeunt.*)

2D RUF. Our usual luck, Henry, the audience have left before the end of the performance — the children have escaped us.

1ST RUF. Which way did they go?

2D RUF. That way (*opposite direction to which the children went.*)

(Enter CEDRIC and MARGUERITE.)

CED. Well, Margie, we have escaped that danger.

MARG. Yes; but how does the present situation strike you?

CED. Where are we?

MARG. I don't know.

CED. Nothing looks familiar around here.

MARG. Still this whole affair seems familiar to me. Wicked uncle and aunt, two ruffians, two tender children—a girl and a boy—deserted in a wood.

CED. Why, of course; "Babes in the Wood."

MARG. That's it!

CED. But those two little fools laid down to die.

MARG. Yes; and some little birds that were in the neighborhood came along and covered them up with leaves.

CED. Well, you can bet your sweet life I'm not going to take any such chances to get bedclothes!

MARG. That's very smart, Cedric McAllister; but where are you going to get better accommodations?

CED. Hark! what is that?

(Chorus in the distance.)

The morning breaks in glory bright,
The lark is singing in its flight;
Thus, like the birds so blithe and free,
Through wood and meadow full of glee,
Right lustily we'll sing
And make the echoes ring.

Leave Dull Care behind you,
Let sweet Pleasure bind you,
And come with us a-roaming;
From early morn till close of day
We'll wander through the woodland gay,
And gayly in the gloaming
We'll homeward wend our way.

MARG. Some people carolling forth.

CED. Come down this mountain path. Perhaps we can find those voices.

(Exeunt CEDRIC and MARGUERITE.)

(*Enter, two RUFFIANS.*)

2D RUF. We are observed —

1ST RUF. By whom ?

2D RUF. The audience !

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter SIR RAW., LADY MCA., SIR BENV., SIR BERT., DOCTOR and the GOVERNESS. CHORUS.*)

Mr. Barnet.

PILGRIM'S CHORUS.

Mr. Wagner.

A Wagner band of Pilgrims are we,
Not German Op'ra, but I. C. C. *
Allow us to add,
This tune is not bad;
But you may not like Wagner. Maybe
Ibsen is your fad.

SIR RAW. Thank you, kind friends, for trying to make the journey as pleasant as possible. I appreciate your graceful, artistic rendering of the Chorus. Your technique is perfect, and your rhythm and phrasing beyond criticism; but none of it can solace my distracted mind or my disordered stomach.

LADY MCA. Dear friends, be patient with Sir Rawdon, he is suffering from a complication of medicines, and is not in the proper mood to enjoy anything except poor health.

SIR RAW. Oh, remorse! remorse!!

LADY MCA. Sit down here, Sir Rawdon, on this mossy knoll.

SIR RAW. Fatal thought! It may be a remossy knoll! Quick, Doctor, give me a number four.

DOCTOR. No, Sir Rawdon, this is the time you take a number eight.

SIR RAW. Lady McAllister, it is strange we find no trace of the children — are you sure they were taken in this direction ?

LADY MCA. Quite sure — we came by the shorter route, they took the longer. They must walk this way.

SIR RAW. If they do walk that way it will bring on a relapse. Doctor, let me have a number five.

(*Enter two RUFFIANS.*)

* (Independent Corps of Cadets. The body-guard of his Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts.—Ed.)

2D RUF. Here are several of the leading characters and the entire chorus — what shall we say to them ?

1ST RUF. Nothing ! They have the next lines — our entrance is the cue — (*ruffians discovered*).

SIR RAW. }
LADY MCA. } Where are the children ?

BOTH RUFs. Oh ! they're all right !—

SIR RAW. (*joyfully*). They live !

LADY MCA. (*sadly*). They live !

BOTH RUFs. When you interrupted us we were about to say, oh ! they're all right if they kept good marching distance from the bear.

CHORUS. A bear ?

RUFs. A bear !!

1ST RUF. We left the darlings a moment in order to slack our thirst in yonder limping stream —

2D RUF. And just as I was taking my slack I looked across the ravine and I saw the children tripping down the mountain side with the bear in the perspective.

SIR RAW. What ! ho ! Search yon ravine.

GOV. Reginald ! for my sake do not take any chances with the bear !

DOCTOR. Harriet, be assured there is no danger ; I am used to bears—I was short of Sugar Trust all last fall. (*DOCTOR, exit.*)

(*RUFFIANS beckon to LADY MCA.*)

1ST RUF. The little children are now pushing clouds ; hand us over the cash —

LADY MCA. Are you certain ?

2D RUF. As certain as I am a sinner.

LADY MCA. That is undoubted security. Here is your money ! Out of my sight ! (*hands purse to 1ST RUF.*)

2D RUF. Henry, give me that money !

1ST RUF. Why, George, you are hasty.

2D. RUF. Give me that money, I say.

1ST RUF. George, I'm surprised.

2D RUF. (*striking him and taking away purse*). I guess you are!

1ST RUF. (*placidly*). George, I will *not* hit you back, as I promised mother I would never strike a playmate, (*kicking him and gets purse back*), but how do you like that?

(*Enter DOCTOR.*)

DOCTOR. All I could find was the prints of their little shoes upon the pebbly beach.

SIR RAW. Did you bring any of the prints? Although I prefer artist's proof, a print would have been better than nothing.

DOCTOR. I fear, Sir Rawdon, that Cedric and Marguerite are done for.

SIR RAW. (*with great emotion*). Don't say that! Don't say that!

DOCTOR. I withdraw the obnoxious remark.

LADY MCA. Friends, I am more hopeful; I think the dear children may be found. Come, let us try to cheer Sir Rawdon.

FINALE.

THERESA WALTZ.

Carl Faust.

Loveliest, sauciest maiden,
No other so charming I see;
Thou among fair ones art fairest;
As ever, I'm dreaming of thee.
Oh, hearken! while thus I greet thee,
One favor bestow, I entreat thee,
My sweetheart, I pray,
Come to the dance away!

(*End of Act II.*)

ACT III.

SCENE. — *Market-place in McAllister village. Chorus in holiday attire. Exeunt omnes except SIR BENVOLIO and SIR BERTRAM.*

(*Songs and specialties, SIR BENV. and SIR BERT.*)

THE ONLY GIRL I LOVE.

There is a girl, a little pearl,
And of her to you I'll sing;
So fair and bright, she brings delight,
To her fondly I will cling.
Her heart, I know, is pure as snow,
And she never frowns or sighs;
Her voice so clear, I love to hear,
And she has such pretty dark blue eyes.

CHORUS A LA CELTIQUE.

She's the only girl I love;
She's never been vaccinated;
Her hair is eighteen carat,
And I'll meet you when the sun falls up.

SIR BENV. Here come the McAllisters. See how gloomy they look!

SIR BERT. They have been in the gloaming ever since the children left.

SIR BENV. It is remorse!

SIR BERT. Or malaria!

SIR BENV. Or either.

SIR BERT. Or neither.

SIR BENV. Let us conceal ourselves while they pass.

SIR BERT. Let us.

(*Enter SIR RAWDON and LADY McALLISTER.*)

LADY MCA. I wish those darn children had never been born!

SIR RAW. (*very despondent*). I wish they had never been murdered —

LADY MCA. Hush! McAllister, are you crazy?

SIR RAW. No, but I am weary of life. I would like to renounce the world and — move to Philadelphia.

LADY MCA. Oh, Heavens! Not so bad as that!!! Not so bad as that!! Not so bad as that!

SIR RAW. (*still very despondent*). Why do we come here to "festiv" in these festivities?

LADY MCA. Why?

SIR RAW. Yes, why?

LADY MCA. Well, why do we come here to "festiv" in these festivities?

SIR RAW. Oh, come off! That is not a conundrum and this is no minstrel show. (*Very savagely.*) Woman! if you had not tempted me those children would be HERE! No; about here.

LADY MCA. That's right! Just like you men. Ever since that unfortunate apple episode in Eden you keep throwing it at us women, and it is usually the *core*. But come and get a pink lemonade in the neighboring *Booth*; it will make you Barrett better.

SIR RAW. Booth!—Barrett!—a witticism! Ha! ha!—ha! ha! No! it is of no use—I cannot be gay!

(*Exeunt SIR RAW. and LADY MCA.*)

SIR BENV. Do not make a motion or we shall be discovered; and if we are discovered we shall be found out.

SIR BERT. And if we are found we are lost. Who comes?

SIR BENV. The Doctor and the Governess.

SIR BERT. From the McAllisters?

SIR BENV. Yes. (*Taking out flask.*) Let us conceal a still—I mean, still conceal ourselves. (*Drinks*).

SIR BERT. Let us! (*Drinks*).

(*Enter DOCTOR and GOVERNESS, right.*)

DOCTOR (*very earnestly*). Let it be now, love! All my soul breaks forth. How I do love you! Give my love its way! A man can have but one life and one death. Grant me my heaven now! Let me know you mine, prove you mine, write my name upon your brow—hold you and have you and then die away—

GOVERNESS. Say it again, and say it *slow*.

(*Exeunt.*)

SIR BENV. They have gone; we can now come out from our hiding-place.

SIR BERT. Didst hear what they saidst?

SIR BENV. No! Didst you?

SIR BERT. Not a wordst.

SIR BENV. That is too badst.

SIR BERT. Yes; if we had heardst we might have known what they were talking about.

SIR BENV. Too true! Let us go to yon booth, where they are having an Ibsen play.

SIR BERT. Let us!

SIR BENV. Are you a vegetarian?

SIR BERT. No, why?

SIR BENV. I notice that you have repeatedly said Lettuce —

Exeunt.

(*Enter two RUFFIANS.*)

1ST RUF. Are you sure the children will be among the performers in the games?

2D RUF. I wish I was as sure you would pay the ten "bob" you owe me.

1ST RUF. Then "we are the people." I feel so gay and free.

2D RUF. I think we have struck it rich.

1ST RUF. Your remark, George, glistens like a lead pipe.

2D RUF. I haven't felt so merry since mother-in-law swallowed a tack.

1ST RUF. But hold on; our friends (*pointing to the audience*) don't know the good news —

2D RUF. (*to the audience*). Haven't you heard about it? Excuse us. The children are not dead, no! You saw them in the last act; you also saw the bear! He evidently went down those

canvas-back rocks that represented the mountain chasm to lunch on the children. But he didn't! He was a trick bear belonging to a circus, and he induced the children to come along. They joined the circus. The children and the circus are coming here to-day. Now, isn't that nice?

1ST RUF. Then George suggested that we come here too—in disguise—I, as the supposed-to-be-lost-at-sea father of the children, and George as my faithful friend—secure the boodle, then move away.

2D RUF. In crime, Henry and I are dandies.

1ST RUF. This is no moral play—no m'am! Virtue stands no chance here! If you think the curtain is to fall with slow music on virtue triumphant and vice baffled, you are in the wrong Opera House.

2D RUF. There is no "Little Eva and Uncle Thomas" business in this drama. You will see that vice and virtue is completely changed about; in fact, it's *vice versa*.

1ST RUF. I do feel so gay! How do you like your clothes?

2D RUF. Immense! How nice and soft they feel after wearing Plymouth Rocks all summer.

1ST RUF. I must do something to keep my spirits down. Let us sing, I am always saddest when I try to sing.

2D RUF. So am I. Let us *not* sing, but rather let us come outside and read this week's *London Punch*, that will suppress any superfluous joy you may have about you.

(*Enter full chorus.*)

LADY MCA. and SIR RAW. (*recognizing children among the crowd*). Cedric!! Marguerite!!

MARG. Go away! I am flush, and have no use for "my uncle."

CED. I have no flush, so have no use for the auntie.

SIR RAW. This is too much! too much!

LADY MCA. (*pointedly*). Yes, Rawdon, just *two*!

1ST RUF. (*aside*). Now notice me. Me cheeldren!! Me cheeldren!!

2D RUF. Ceddie! Maggie! Get on to the old man!

1ST RUF. Me cheeldren! Do you not know your father?

MARG. AND CED. (*together, very placidly*). What! papa alive?

2D RUF. Yes; papa is with us.

1ST RUF. But if it had not been for this BR-AVE MAN I would now be —

2D RUF. Serving time —

1ST RUF. In the middle of the Atlantic. We were wrecked, and all the ship's company save us two were lost.

WHOLE CHORUS. What! the rest all lost?

1ST RUF. All! but they were not in our set.

2D RUF. No; they were not in the swim.

1ST RUF. We alone floated ashore — on spars and chips.

2D RUF. A red and a blue.

1ST RUF. Me children! to my arms! (*Embrace.*) Ah! brother, glad to see me back?

2D RUF. Yes, brother; glad to see our backs—I should say, us back. We thank you now to pass over the simoleons.

SIR RAW. It is my brother, although I do not recognize him. It must be my brother, for he said he was my brother, and my brother never told an untruth.

RUFFIANS. He believes it, for his brother told him so.

LADY McA. Foiled! He has come for his tin. We are tin-foiled!! (*Whispers to SIR RAWDON.*)

SIR RAW. (*quickly acquiesces*). Friends, let us have a song; then all come down to McAllister Hall and make merry over the darlings' return. (*To the audience.*) While they are eating and drinking Lady McA. and myself will emigrate with the remaining ducats and family plate. Have you noticed any flies about Lady Rawdon Slolmondley McAllister this evening?

(*Finale.*)

Never mind how the bad play ends,
 Never mind, never mind;
 If wealth to vice her favor lends,
 Never mind, never mind.
 The critics will call the thing a bore,
 The public may shout Encore! Encore!
 Never mind, never mind.

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